THE WANDERER
BY LECHUGA JAM
#2
FEBRUARY 2025

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Hello wanderers♡
We're back♡ and wow, the only thing better than doing a cool thing is doing that cool thing again. If you're reading this, you know what that means. It means we've done it again♡

I gotta say, I was not remotely prepared for the response to the first issue. I've gotten a lot of words of encouragement and love and appreciation and I don't think my little heart was ready for it all but man, does it feel good. It's good to see people are finding some joy in the zines. That's what I'm here for. And I couldn't do that without all of you who submit work and read and share it around, and I'm probably gonna say it one million times but I don't care, I'm gonna say it again: thank you. Genuinely, thank you.

I'm wondering if you guys are wondering about the covers for these zines. Who knows, I'm no mindreader. But just in case you were wondering, I'll tell you where they come from♡ I've kept a small journal on hand at all times since October of 2022. And in these journals are words and drawings and secrets and things that come to me on a daily basis. Each one has 80 pages and I've filled out 6 of them since October of 2022. That makes for over 960 pages of stuff♡ Crazy.

Often times when it comes to my drawings I find that in different periods of my life I have these motifs. Often times, I want to make a fully fledged story or project out of them. Often times, I'm not able to follow through with that. So there they stay, in my journal, fragments of stories and memories of who I was when I drew them. I figured a good way of honoring these ideas I had is to give them a spot on the front cover, where they can be seen and where others can glean their own meaning from them. . . So yeah. Cool stuff.

Hope that answered any wonderings about the covers. Thanks for reading♡ I love you♡ Onto the zine♡

LISTEN!

WEELD UNPLUGGED

A NIGHT WITH CLIFFNOTEZ AND FRIENDS AT THE MFA

IT'S FEBRUARY 13TH, 2025, AND I'VE FOUND MY WAY TO THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. I'M DOING A LITTLE BIT OF GAZING AT THE PICTURES, LIKE ANY MUSEUM GOER, BUT WHAT I'M REALLY HERE FOR IS THE SWEET ECHOINGS OF ACOUSTIC GUITAR, MANDOLIN, BANJO, AND VIOLIN. I'M HERE TO LISTEN TO A BONAFIDE STORYTELLER AS HE WORKS HIS MAGIC.

IT'S CLIFFNOTEZ, PERFORMING AS PART OF HIS INITIATIVE KNOWN AS "WE BLACK FOLK?" YOU CAN READ MORE ABOUT WHAT THEY DO AT WEBLACKFOLK.COM, BUT THE CLIFFNOTES (HAH) OF THEIR MISSION IS TO PROVIDE A HAVEN FOR BLACK FOLK ARTISTS IN BOSTON AND TELL THE STORIES OF BLACK AMERICAN CULTURE, [redacted] UNEARTHING THE OFTEN OVERLOOKED AND ERASED HISTORY OF BLACK FOLK CULTURE IN BOSTON. AND THIS SHOW IS A LOVELY GLIMPSE OF WHAT THIS KIND OF UPLIFTING LOOKS LIKE.

FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, THE VIBES ARE WARM AND WELCOMING. THE ACOUSTICS OF THIS MFA GALLERY MAKE THE INSTRUMENTS RESONATE SO NICELY, AND CLIFFNOTEZ'S VOICE - THE EMOTIONS OF THE BLUES, THE SMOOTHNESS OF SOUL - FILLS YOUR HEART AS YOU EXPERIENCE A SHOW THAT CENTERS LOVE, [redacted] A SHOW THAT USES LOVE AT THE ROOT OF ITS STORYTELLING. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE WATCHING MUSICIANS WHO WHOLEHEARTEDLY LOVE WHAT THEY DO.

WE GOT TO HEAR A LOT OF CLIFFNOTEZ'S ORIGINALS, SOME OF WHICH HE SAID HE'D NEVER PLAYED BEFORE! THAT WAS SPECIAL. SOMETHING THAT STOOD OUT TO ME WAS WHEN CLIFFNOTEZ SAID "I WRITE SONGS, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE ABOUT UNTIL I PERFORM THEM." (I'M PARAPHRASING, I DON'T HAVE THE EXACT QUOTE) I WROTE THAT QUOTE DOWN BECAUSE I'VE FELT THAT WAY ABOUT ANYTHING I CREATE - SOMETIMES, ART IS JUST AS MUCH THE RESPONSE AS IT IS THE PROCESS. IT'S A STRANGE AND KINDA SCARY FEELING TO SURRENDER [redacted] SOME OF THE CONTROL YOU HAVE OVER YOUR ART AND MUSIC, BUT SEEING IT TAKE NEW MEANING IS ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING EXPERIENCE YOU CAN HAVE.

SO TO BACKTRACK TO THE MUSIC: MY FAVORITE SONG [redacted] WAS "IF YOU'RE STILL HERE." WOW. THAT SONG REALLY GOT TO ME. I THINK THE LYRIC "IF YOU'RE STILL HERE, MAKE IT WORTH IT" HIT SO CLOSE TO HOME AS A MARGINALIZED PERSON IN A TIME WHERE THINGS FEEL DOWNRIGHT NIGHTMARISH. IT WAS SUCH A PROFOUND MOMENT. I THINK I NEEDED TO HEAR THAT LYRIC.

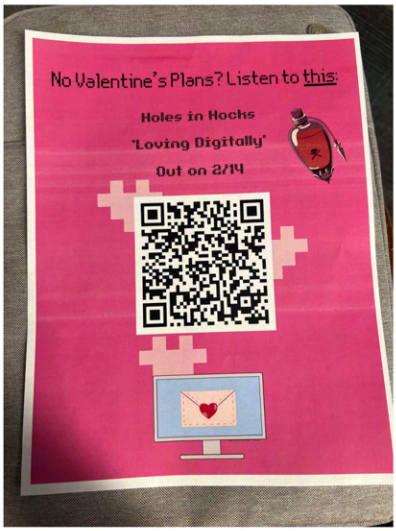
ONE OF MY OTHER FAVORITE MOMENTS WAS WHEN THEY PLAYED "FREIGHT TRAIN" BY ELIZABETH COTTON, AND TOLD THE AUDIENCE ABOUT HER "COTTON PICKING STYLE-" A PICKING STYLE ON THE GUITAR THAT SHE DEVELOPED, AND BECAME THE FOUNDATION FOR MOST COUNTRY MUSIC WE KNOW. [redacted] COOL TO LEARN OF SUCH AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE GENRE.

THIS SHOW WAS VERY SPECIAL. WE EXPERIENCED STORIES, HISTORY, TOLD THROUGH A LOVING, POWERFUL VOICE. TO WATCH SUCH GENUINE LOVE FOR MUSIC AND FOR RESTORING THE ERASED HISTORY OF THE BLACK FOLK ARTISTS WHO WE ALL OWE SO MUCH TO WAS BREATHTAKING. AND TO FEEL SUCH WHOLEHEARTED LOVE... I THINK I'LL WRAP THIS UP WITH CLIFFNOTEZ'S FINAL MESSAGE TO THE AUDIENCE: "SUPPORT EACH OTHER."

NEW MUSIC!

"ONLY FAIR FOR YOU"
CAM MOTLEY
@CAM.MOTLEY
"SHOULDA KNOWN IT WOULD HAPPEEEEENNNN▽▽▽" MELODIC EMO BANGERS FROM SINGER-SONGWRITER CAM MOTLEY THAT WERE RELEASED THIS VALENTINES DAY▽ THEY HIT LIKE A PUNCH TO THE GUT. PERFECT FOR A NICE MELANCHOLIC NIGHT OF HEAD-BANGING.

"FICTION"
WARMACHINE
@THEREALWARMACHINE
A SHOEGAZE-Y DELIGHT, A LITTLE TREAT FOR THOSE DAYS WHERE ALL YOU WANNA DO IS STARE AT THE WALL. A TASTE OF WHAT'S TO COME FROM THEIR UPCOMING EP, SOULMURDER▽ KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR IT IN MARCH▽



"LOVING DIGITALLY"
HOLES IN SOCKS
@HOLESINSOCKSOFFICIAL
HERE'S A FUNKY TUNE ALSO RELEASED ON VALENTINES DAY- INDIE POP STYLINGS WITH SOME BOSSA INFLUENCE. IT'S SWEET AND GROOVY AS HELL. GIVE IT A LISTEN▽

"CAESAR"

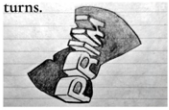
S AND R

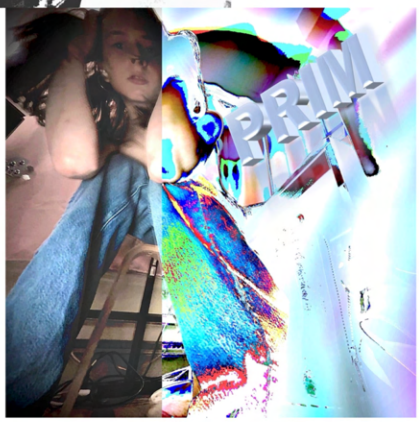
@SANDRTHEBAND ON IG/TT

S AND R HAVE DONE IT AGAIN▽ CAESAR IS THEIR NEWEST SINGLE, A FUNKY TUNE THAT BENDS GENRES FROM THE SWEET MELODIES OF INDIE ROCK AND THE GROOVE AND FLOW OF ALTERNATIVE HIP HOP. THEY'VE GOT AN EP, DOWNDOWNDOWN, COMING OUT IN MARCH. BE ON THE LOOKOUT▽

Primrose Ohling is an experimental electronic musician who is drawn to the rhythms and textures of jazz records. She finds inspiration in reimagining familiar sounds, creating immersive, evolving soundscapes. Her music explores transformation, inviting listeners into a fluid auditory experience. Recently, she's shifted to exploring synthesis in more depth, adding further richness to her unique style.

Her debut album, *PRIM*, was released on 11/24/24. It explores themes of identity and memory, reflecting on focal moments throughout her life. Her latest release, a single titled *Simulacrum*, is available on SoundCloud. With its use of granular textures, *Simulacrum* weaves an eerie soundscape full of intriguing twists and turns.





DO YOU HAVE MUSIC COMING OUT IN MARCH? SUBMIT IT TO THE WANDERER TO HAVE IT FEATURED▽

LOOK!

L O V E
but here I blur
into you
MG SR
MAL GUL SOO ROK
PASSION FRUIT
!@!

i fell in love in a mosh pit
during a snowstorm
that didn't happen.

we all waited patiently for the asphalt outside
to turn into a frozen death trap
so, in the meantime, we huddled close and stayed warm
in a community center basement.

yes! that basement.
that's where i fell in love.

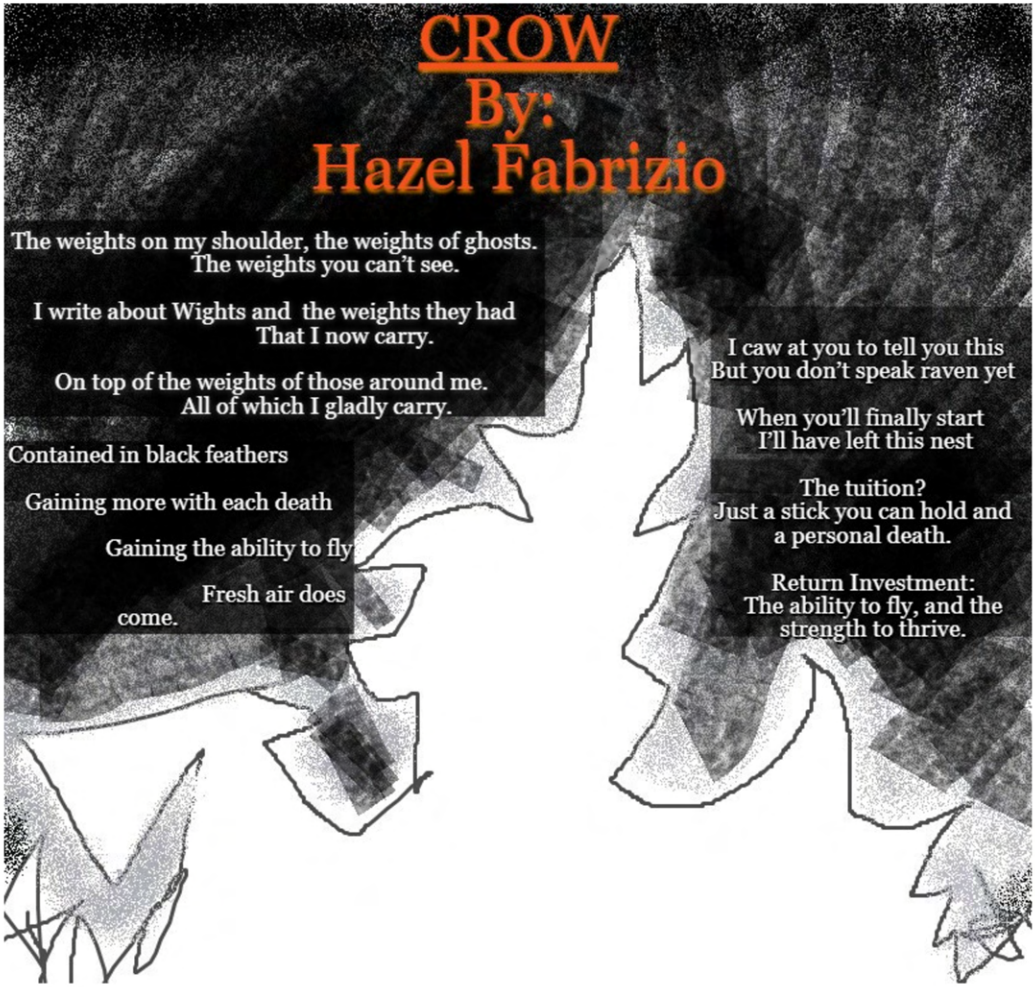
not just with you.
though i AM in love with you,
don't get it twisted.

it's just that it's different in there,
when you're swamped in
mosh pit aphrodisiacs,
nursing joy and bruises
from bashing into friends
and strangers named billy
and people who you still want to forget.

rough lovemaking means whiplash
that makes it hard to turn your neck the next morning.
blesses your sore body
with the memory
of sweat and thrashing
and singing until you can't anymore,
of dizzy dancing and frizzy hair,
of music seeping into your skin through the floor,
of blurring into each other,
of falling in love
again and again.

–isaiah hill

CROW
By:
Hazel Fabrizio


The weights on my shoulder, the weights of ghosts.
The weights you can't see.
I write about Wights and the weights they had
That I now carry.
On top of the weights of those around me.
All of which I gladly carry.
Contained in black feathers
Gaining more with each death
Gaining the ability to fly
Fresh air does
come.
I caw at you to tell you this
But you don't speak raven yet
When you'll finally start
I'll have left this nest
The tuition?
Just a stick you can hold and
a personal death.
Return Investment:
The ability to fly, and the
strength to thrive.

@FABRIZIO_HAZEL

"PUPPET WALL"

@EDEN_HAMILTON_

"Are you Ben's girlfriend?"

My skin was hot, tacky with sunscreen, and glimmering with sweat. I was young and pale and easy to bruise, just out of sixth grade and not a day younger. I don't remember what swimsuit I was wearing, but I remember being ashamed of it. A blue pool penetrated by the sun, there was nowhere I could truly hide. And here, suddenly encircled by a handful of middle-school boys, I was confronted with this question. I was nobody's girlfriend, certainly not Ben's, but I couldn't say that, the sun gazing down upon my bare and surrounded body.

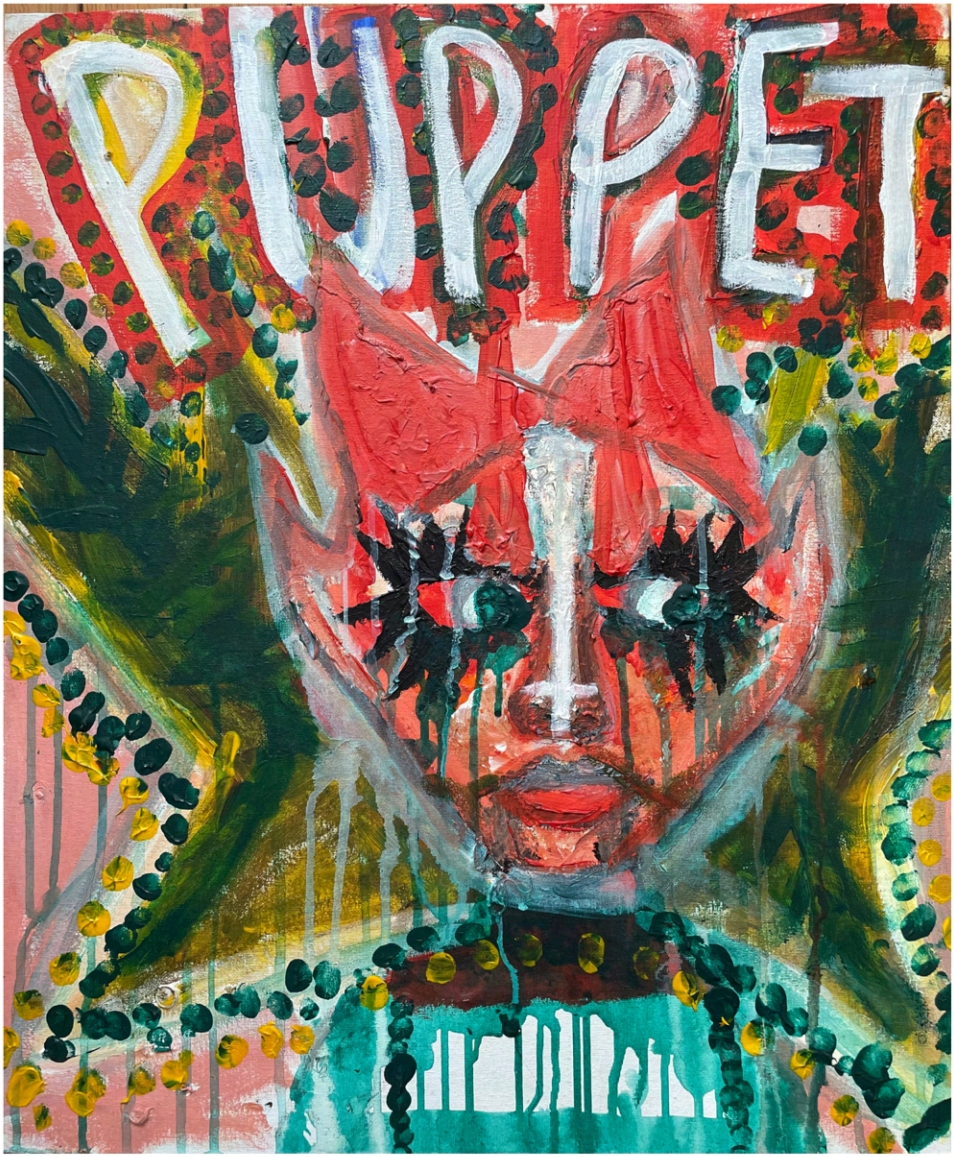
"Why are you ignoring them?"

It was all I could do: turn away and leave without answering. My sister wouldn't stop telling me how rude I was, how all they had done was ask a question; how I shouldn't treat strangers that way. My mother was nearby, and I knew just as well as my sister that although impoliteness wasn't tolerated, neither was social media, where Ben had found me. The danger in that discovery was new territory. To this I also said nothing.

Ben was not in the group of boys confronting me about our relationship status. He was at the public pool that day, but remained at an arm's length; I could see him hovering in my vicinity, stealing glances that felt greasy and wrong. This exchange functioned just like the rest, only it was analog. He could cruise from afar and no one but me, my bathing-suit-clad middle-school body the subject of his relentless fascination, could know the extent of my fear.

Ben was only a year my senior but looked even older. Ben towered over me, or it felt like he did. He was an angry, entitled little boy either too scared or too smart a predator to act in person. "Little boy" and "predator" go together more than we as a culture are comfortable acknowledging; no one is born bad, but in a world where everything is by and for you, it doesn't take long to become bad. His initial approach was subtle, we went to the same school so his following of my public Instagram was not odd by itself. What became odd was his blooming obsession with me, articulated by disgusting comments and messages about my body and what he wanted from it. The digital catcalling was public, scattered through my comments like tar for any classmates to tread upon and spread indiscriminately.

@ZIGGYSTARGUS ON INSTAGRAM
TO READ THE REST OF GUS'S STORY,
SCAN THIS QR CODE▽



"PUPPETEER"

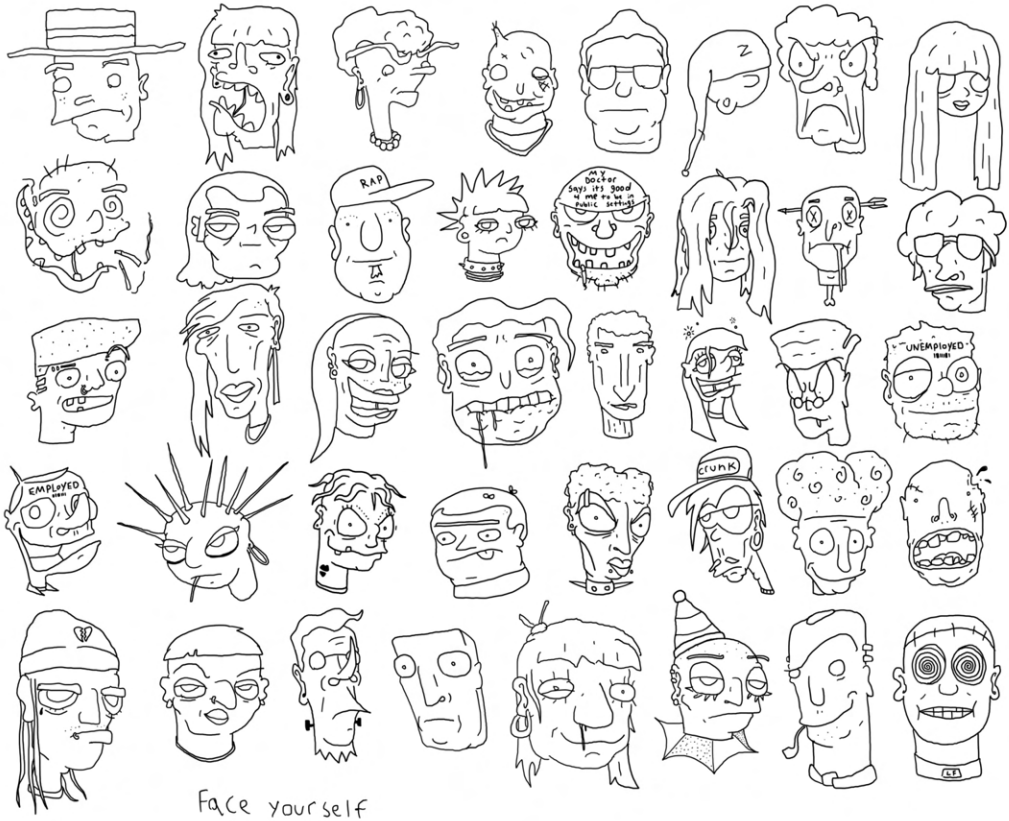
SYD

@SYDLANE.MP3

"FACE YOURSELF"

LUCA FERN

@LUCA_FERN_



Miniwebs #2
BY KID THEWEB
9:45am
daze?
huh?
do you ever think it's weird that we have pets?
no, not really! I mean, they're part of our family :)
mrrrow >:[
FRAN
SLAY
mrow.
yea of course they're part of our family... but like,,, they have free will! They are living, thinking beings that have opinions of us that we'll never know! They may hate us! They have secrets! They could know the meaning of the universe and we'd be none the wiser!! That's weird!

actually, I think I'm giving them a little too much credit with the whole "meaning of the universe thing
bleeeaaah, no thoughts.
later, that night
and then I said:
"the meaning of the universe is simply to bend to its will. you are a collection of ageless energy, matter and cosmic dust expressing itself in a physical form!", but I guess they didn't hear me!
ugh! they never listen!
END!

Loping, as in sleep,
toward a maternal tomb,
he enveloped the city.
"Mary, Mary,
you cast a line, and,
as if falling
I took the hook with ease."

The automobile stumbled in his stomach.

And, as if he were a simple thing,
a city without a center
circling the drain.

"My father, you see, was poor, pulled himself up
by the tip of his tongue, clipped his mother with a shovel
and dug trenches for water."
He spent four, or maybe forty
days in the station, impressed with the epidemic
and the glass houses round the homeless.
Presented a case for extermination
to the board of directors.
The city council was brought on board with a sack of potatoes
and the chief of police has commissioned a pyramid in the bay.
Redeveloped into a ray of smoke.

Always was a bloody rag,
children to children to a carnal nothing.

"I thought he was high,
someone pissed in the alcove,
and I let them pet my dog."
She had salvaged her company
and finally professed a distaste for profit.

Cities will be made, and made again
to ape the glass
of an arcade.

And you, who will merge left
with all the rest

“Rusty”

Walking into the karate lesson,
You tread carefully and slip into line.

The chipper instructor barks out commands:
Punching, Kicking, Blocking, Falling, REPEAT.
The routine strikes a match against your bones.

As heavy breathing and sweat fill the air,
An old soreness blooms in your knees again.
With familiar warmth staining your cheeks, you
Can’t hide the grin stretching across your face.

ERINN KIM

@BREATHE_THE_ERINN

February 12th, 2025
Dionysis Kollias @thewornoutboot
The Wanderer February Submission

Hair, Change, and Time
(915 words)

It's been very difficult for me to get my hair cut recently, due to an ominous fear of "the passage of time". I cut my hair into a blonde mullet in August 2023, after having a blonde pixie cut the year prior. Around January 2024, I realized that my hair didn't quite look like a mullet anymore, and there was more brown than blonde. I wanted to cut my hair back into a mullet, and I wanted to dye all my hair blonde again, yet I was afraid to. I wanted to take my time to think about the haircut, figure out if I really wanted to go back to the mullet, thinking that I owe it to myself to get a "new haircut, new me". But there wasn't a "new me", so there was no reason to get a new haircut. I didn't want it to, but due to my indecisiveness, it grew brown, and it kept growing until there was barely a trace of its blonde past. It looked more and more feminine every day, the way it kept growing, the way it indicated my Greek beach-wave curls that I had kept hidden. I didn't like it long, but I wasn't ready to cut it. I just wanted it to *stop. growing.*

After 8 months of hating how I looked, I finally got a haircut in August 2024. And I loved how silly it looked. If you've ever seen a guy with a brown Rodrick Heffley-cut and two blonde rat tails at a show, that's me. That's my brand. The kind of hair that is "like a terrible movie that you know is absolutely terrible, would never recommend it to anyone, but, for some reason, you absolutely love it". In truth, I only dyed my rat tails blonde because I was afraid of dying my *entire* hair blonde. My blonde rat tails were just a reminder that I had settled for something less–something that was at least better than the femininity of my growing, curly brown hair, but not quite as empowering as my blonde mullet once was.

Now it's February 2025, and it's been 7 months since my last haircut. In my head, my hair still looks the same, but in reality, it's grown. My rat tails aren't shoulder-length anymore, they are reaching my armpits, and they have some brown mixed in at the top. I don't mind that part. But the rest of my hair, the brown part, doesn't look like Rodrick Heffley's anymore. It's more of a bob? It's so feminine and utterly disgusting. Not what I want to look like at all.

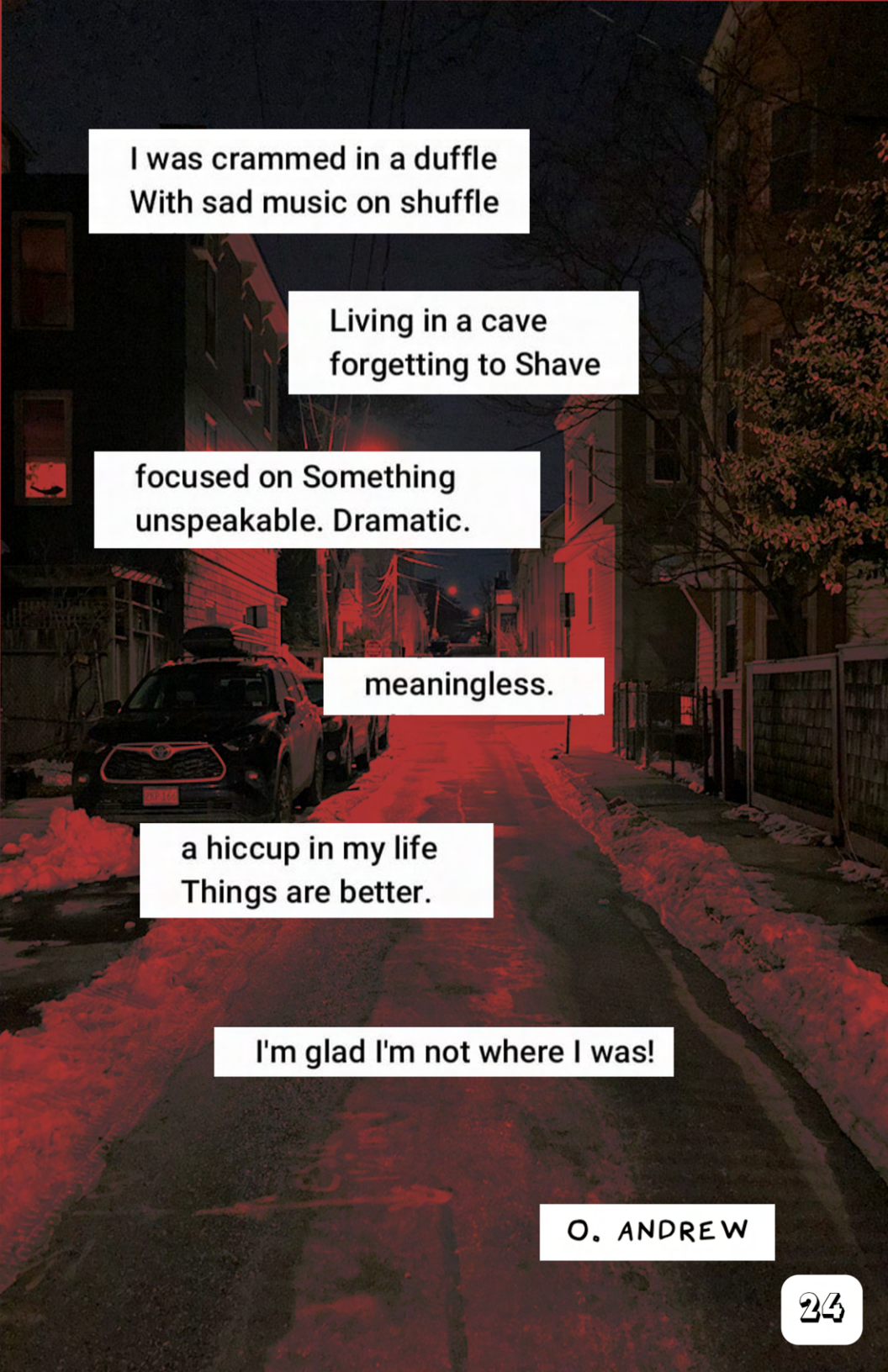
Yet, once again, I am struggling to get myself to schedule a haircut. What kind of haircut do I want? Am I brave enough to dye all my hair blonde again? Do I even want to? I definitely want to keep the rat tails, but do I want a mullet to accompany them? Will my hair look silly if my rat tails are undone yet there's a mullet there as well? I've welcomed "silly" before, maybe I could welcome it again. Am I ready for a rebrand? Mullet + rat tails would technically be a combination of my two previous haircuts, my two previous brands, but it's still a rebrand. Or is it better to go back to the Rodrick

Heffley + rat tails combo? But would that indicate I haven't changed at all? That I haven't grown? But I *have* grown. I want to believe that I have grown. But what have I grown into?

When I picture myself, I want to picture a brown mullet + blonde rat tails combo. I think that's the kind of haircut that would fit me. Fit my face, fit my personality, fit my silly punk identity. Probably. But, in reality, I don't know when I'll actually push myself to go get that haircut. Maybe it's a form of self-sabotage. Eternal suffering. Allowing the stupid brown bob to give me dysphoria. But I have to withstand the dysphoria until I decide. Something in me tells me that this way of thinking is wrong. "It's just a haircut, Dio. It's not that serious", and I understand that it isn't. But it feels like it is.

I don't want to dye all my hair blonde again. But maybe I should, just to prove to myself that I *can*. That I'm brave enough to. That it's okay to look like my past. That I'm allowed to love things I used to love, even if that time is long gone. But should I really be doing things just to prove to myself that I'm brave? Shouldn't I be making decisions based on what I *want* instead? Let's try this again.

I don't want to dye all my hair blonde again. I *want* a brown mullet with blonde rat tails. Maybe with a few more hints of blonde in the front, curtain-bangs of the mullet. Something like that is what I want. No. *This* is what I want. Not "something like that". I think? I know deep down that I will like whatever haircut I get, as long as I decide what it looks like, and I decide when to get it... and as long as I *do* decide. Maybe the part I find the most difficult isn't the decision of what the haircut will look like, it's trusting myself to make a decision altogether. I *am* capable of deciding. And I will, eventually. I just. need. time.


I was crammed in a duffle
With sad music on shuffle
Living in a cave
forgetting to Shave
focused on Something
unspeakable. Dramatic.
meaningless.
a hiccup in my life
Things are better.
I'm glad I'm not where I was!
O. ANDREW

Eden copilots

I don't think symmetry works for a story like this. It's not right to mirror and dissect the beginning when all that's left are maggots. You can see it in the crumpled cavity, there's just an unknowable before and an unbearable after. They cannot touch. Maybe there's reflection, contrast, even rhythm if you're clever enough, but that happens whenever you try to put two separate things together — that's the forever distance. Only stars can withstand it, and the dying is so bright we can see it lifetimes later.

I learn this on my first fifth date. You write code for space stuff I don't really understand. You tell me about doing origami when you were a boy. The folds would never lie flat so each mistake made the next harder to line up right. One day we're waiting for the train and you ask me the worm question, the "would you still [redacted] me if I was a worm" question, stumbling over the middle to avoid saying love, and I feel the forever distance in my throat even as I squeeze your hand tighter. We walk for miles one night, over highways and sewers and train tracks, past factories and labs and hospitals, all built along the city's unequal folds, all industrial attempts to kill that distance, and space feels all wrong again. We break up in April. I stay the night anyways.

It's Valentines and you're showing me Princess Bride at the Sinclair.

It's Valentines and I'm third-wheeling as BCNR plays Brattle.

It's Valentines and we're projecting Ponyo on your living room wall, cuddling as a sailor's son helps a fish become a real girl. My mom calls us ex-boyfriends and it's just easier not to correct her. We're in transit, in orbit, in something approaching [redacted].

The folds ooze.

You won't survive cut-and-paste memory, our past-imperfects tensing, my cortex-mâché. This is my fourth version of events. The second called it a 'sickly body of work, [a] stitching [of] the wrong flaps together, [a] peeling [of] the regrown lesions'. I'm picking scabs a lifetime later and we're in the death gushing out. The fifth has a girl running for that bridge at the end of the esplanade. She stumbles over the middle, praying she stays and gets the job and kisses you all foreverlike through the maggots. Her eyeliner is fucking perfect. It's Valentines and they're copilots. It's Valentines and they're two girls in a gundam waiting for nothing but the Sun to explode. The signal is breaking. She stays the night anyway.

Reflections at the Jazz Club

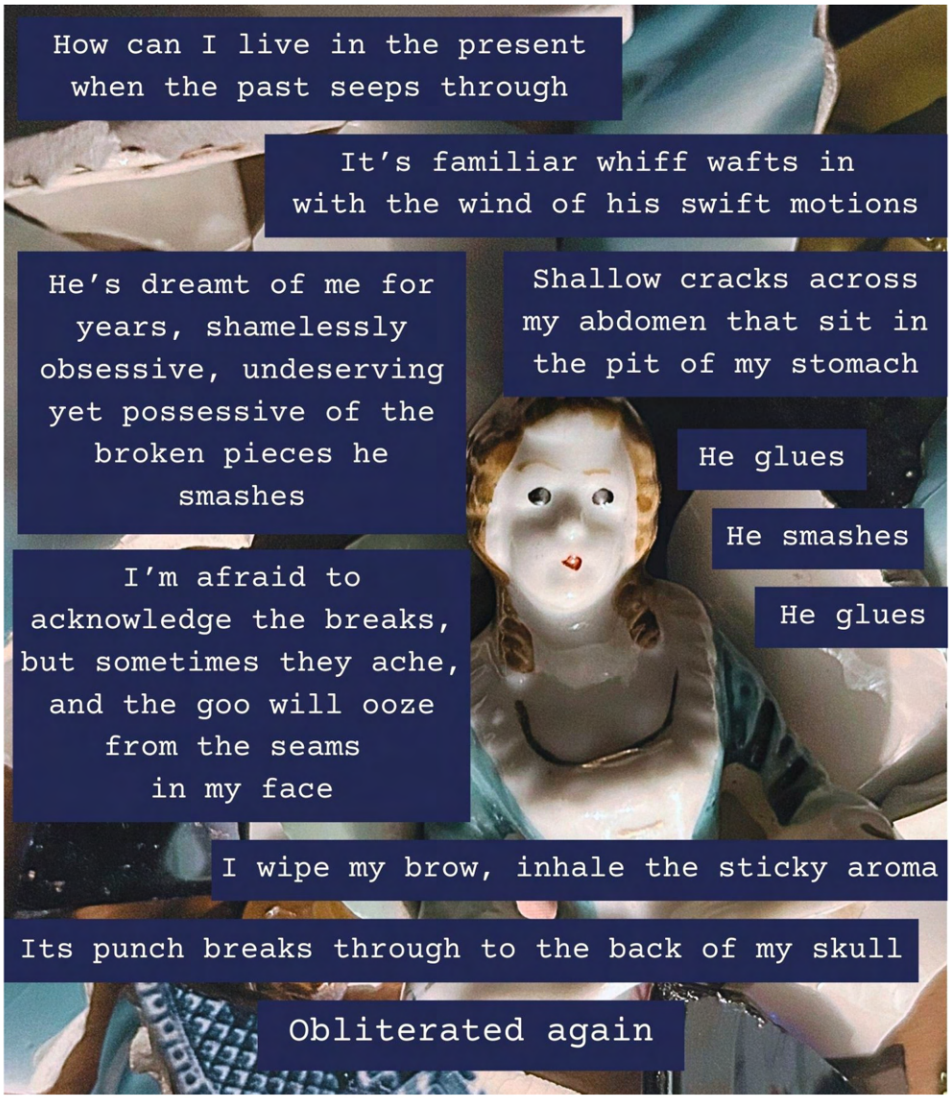
———————————————————————

How could one say we owe each other
nothing?
I have never heard a louder wrong.
The guys on the keys both wear glasses,
pair of shades and thick frame prescriptions,
all while the guitarist can't stop smiling.
Back row with my buddies
richer folks at the nosebleeds.
We all bathe in red fringe lamp light.
We all were blessed with cognition
for who knows why
but I don't think it matters all that much
and here comes the drum solo.
Dark floral dress hugs me tight.
The waiter still asks,
"And for you, sir?"
I love her anyway.
I'll sip that cocktail slower than
packed mud through a piping bag.
We all aren't any more special than our neighbors.
We all are sitting center stage
and it must be so lonely
to think you're any different than the earth who surrounds you
and here comes the bass solo.
You were right, dear Sainte-Marie,
God Is Alive
Magic Is Afoot.
Gentleness cannot exist in a vacuum
and we are all the same kind of beautiful creature
packed together tightly in
a hot liquid cosmic fusion.
Perhaps the only fundamental truth
of this lived state; we owe

each other everything.
We all got the same first birthday gift
and what is our reciprocity?
We all are ripples on the lake
and when did the fish get so sluggish?
Here comes *Cool Weasel Boogie*.
Man on the sidewalk approached me in line
selling locally made art magazines
about all the fire that's on TV,
here there everywhere.
"Sorry my friend, I got no cash."
"Well carry some
if you wanna be someone who's anyone."
I think he hates me now.
I love him anyhow.
One big world quilt we are,
the folks who still hear the music
and use its rhythm to run like Hell
up and down the street.

-Ian Rothauser

@IAN_ROT_ ON INSTAGRAM, @SAINT.HOUND ON INSTAGRAM.


How can I live in the present
when the past seeps through
It's familiar whiff wafts in
with the wind of his swift motions
He's dreamt of me for
years, shamelessly
obsessive, undeserving
yet possessive of the
broken pieces he
smashes
Shallow cracks across
my abdomen that sit in
the pit of my stomach
He glues
He smashes
He glues
I'm afraid to
acknowledge the breaks,
but sometimes they ache,
and the goo will ooze
from the seams
in my face
I wipe my brow, inhale the sticky aroma
Its punch breaks through to the back of my skull
Obliterated again

LIBBY CARLO
@LIBBY.CARLO ON INSTAGRAM

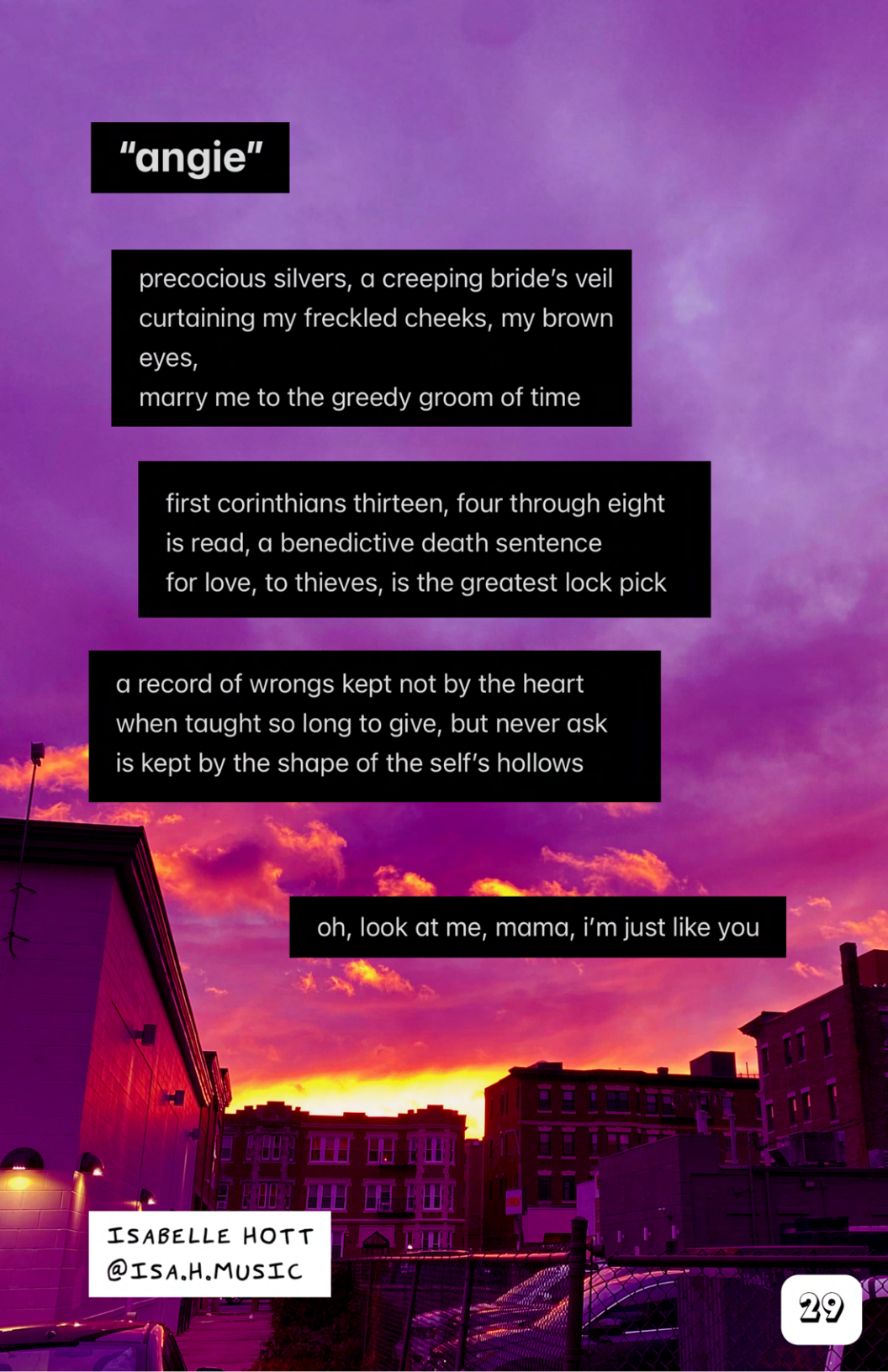
"angie"

precocious silvers, a creeping bride's veil
curtaining my freckled cheeks, my brown
eyes,
marry me to the greedy groom of time

first corinthians thirteen, four through eight
is read, a benedictive death sentence
for love, to thieves, is the greatest lock pick

a record of wrongs kept not by the heart
when taught so long to give, but never ask
is kept by the shape of the self's hollows

oh, look at me, mama, i'm just like you



ISABELLE HOTT
@ISA.H.MUSIC

starwater

armpits

I was squeezed in between my uncle and my sponsor, praying to a higher power that I don't believe in that only I could smell the reeking of my armpits. Most of the women I make love to nuzzle their noses up there and give me flustered compliments about how good mommy smells. But I've never had sex with my uncle or my sponsor and I was afraid these old heads didn't have similar views about deodorant and capitalism.

We were at a play. Community theatre about four women during the French Revolution. How most of them lost everything to fight for themselves and each other. How they died. Squeezing my armpits close to my side, I watched four powerful women rocket wit at each other.

Before the show I was having a cigarette outside, calling my metamor about her news from a potential lover. We stopped using around the same time, and life was looking slightly better for both of us. We ranted and shrieked to each other about our good news, about our cravings, the rot in our brains. What our deaths would look like if we went back. Eventually I put enough nicotine into my system and I brought my armpits inside.

I made it to intermission and rushed outside, guzzling my vape. I checked my phone, reading the messages from my ex who I had recently started seeing again.

A girl she knew had her passport confiscated. My transness was legislated into country arrest. Danger seeping through my skin.

Somehow I stumbled back to my seat. I didn't start crying until I muttered to my sponsor what had happened.

"Death…" slithered through my lips.

"Fuck" fell from his.

"It's ok…"

As the lights went down and the play resumed he said, "It's not."

It's not.

There was commotion on stage, but my nostrils were a pump and my tear ducts a faucet. I was tiny, a paralyzed bird surrounded by predatory amalgamations. I wanted to fly away, escape this place, but my wings were not wings, just stinking armpits. The body brings danger once again. The bird opened her eyes, wanting to at least face the thing about to vivisect her. But nothing was there, just a tickling in her pits. She slowly glanced down and saw a small dog drooling over her unrelenting stench, nose perched in her crevice, enjoying the wafting air of sweat and labor. So much love lived in this small dog. And so many small dogs had loved this bird's armpits.

I didn't stop crying. But my tears reflected the light of the play like a star with a thousand points. Half of the women were dead to the guillotine now. The remaining two knew that this wasn't over. In a moment of power, they clutched onto each other and prayed the other would survive. My tears didn't stop when the playwright died. My tears didn't stop when the freedom fighter survived. My tears began to fly as she lived to fight, to sing, to tell our stories. Hope despite everything.

Death will always catch you. I want to be me until it does.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TIE MY SHOELACES.
I DON'T HAVE HANDS.
BEARD!

aunt isa's sausage gravy

ingredients
bacon fat or unsalted butter
1lb loose breakfast sausage (bob evans spicy suggested)
1 tsp all purpose flour
1 tsp corn starch
2 cups whole milk
1/4 cup sour cream
enough black pepper to make a medieval peasant boy pass out
salt to taste - you'll need less or even none if you use bacon fat instead of butter

process

- preheat a large, deep-ish skillet (i use a cast iron) over medium heat with whichever cooking fat you chose
- add sausage and break it up into small crumbles, letting it sit for a bit between each stir so it browns well
- (prep milk before this step! it goes quick) once sausage is browned, make a well and add the flour and corn starch, stirring it into the rendered fat in the pan until no clumps remain to make a light roux. you can add a touch more of your cooking fat if the pan's too dry. keep stirring to coat the sausage.
- add milk and stir gently (so it doesn't splash everywhere), but constantly to emulsify until it starts to simmer. dw it doesn't take too long
- once milk is simmering and emulsified, stir in the sour cream and go crazy on that bitch with your pepper grinder. taste as you go because it is possible to overdo it, but that's a pretty tough limit to reach. if it needs extra salt you can add some here
- let simmer, stirring intermittently until about as thick as a bechamel
- serve over biscuits, toast, or pancakes

apple cider goes great with it!

@ISA.H.MUSIC

AS SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN BLESSED WITH AUNT ISA'S SAUSAGE GRAVY MULTIPLE TIMES, YOU GUYS HAVE TO UNDERSTAND HOW BLESSED YOU ARE TO BE GETTING THIS RECIPE. IT FUCKIN SMACKS.

WHAT BRINGS YOU JOY THESE DAYS?

I ASKED MY INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS. HERE'S WHAT THEY SAID:

clockworksunspots
having a group of beautiful friends to share meals with
Reply

clockworksunspots
being in beautiful reciprocal fulfilling butch4butch love
Reply

alannahroxannetorres
Trans people
Reply

noelia.vialanoire
bananas
Reply

_emma_hatley_
the "mundane". plants growing through cement, the spider in my bathroom. everything is so beautiful
Reply

liz__bounds
My friends, warm drinks, crochet
Reply

cameurysm
my band Convulsion Ticket!!
Reply

camwormy
coffee and sunshine
Reply

samleighsings
dogs
Reply

olivialundddd
my apartment i moved just into w my best friend, playing just dance, being a lover girl
Reply

weback
Pokémon cards!
Reply

cuddle.fish99
Baking fresh bread 🍞
Reply

oorange_peels
drag shows and gay sex
Reply

intrusive_th0t_2
T4t, making punk rock songs, starting a new band, gay sex, watching anime
Reply

ian_rot_
texting my friends about art in a gay way
Reply

connor.plays.drums
Binging discographies
Reply

songofending

trust in my dreams and the people around me >:3

Reply

toad.in.the.cosmos

Dawgs

Reply

bugab00_

knowing that i'm doing better than i ever have :)

Reply

perfect_bloo

Film

Reply

louiemace

letting our stinky dog sleep on my bed & slobber everywhere, he seems so content

Reply

victoriakoreaa

The increasing sunlight with each day :)

Reply

cameryn_marie_

acupuncture (the needles will fix me)

Reply

kyrus_malek

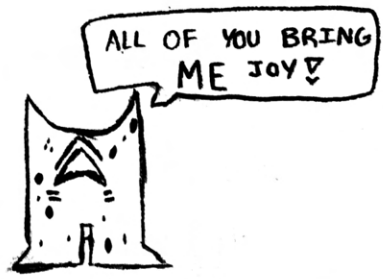
Music!!!!

Reply

kamiqd_

Having a found family to come back to

Reply



"PISS WHERE YOU PLEASE!"

BY THE URINETOWN ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST RECORDING

Boston bathroom codes:
Symphony Cafe Nero
421
Emerson Tatte 1739

FOR LEGAL REASONS THIS IS A JOKE

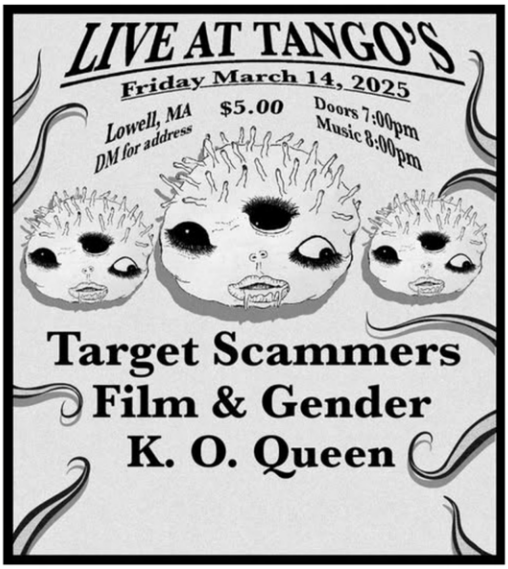
LOVE!

WHOLE BUNCHA SHOW POSTERS FOR THINGS IN MARCH. . .

March 16th
ARE YOU READY?
MYLES BULLEN & JUSTIN ARENA
...HERE SHE COMES!
it's kinda 9 o'clock...
CHRIS OG & the DOPAMEANIES
at neue komplex!
(fire show!)
Doors 7
Music 7:30
DM @neuekomplex on insta for address!
YEAH!
WE'RE GONNA DO THIS JUST LIKE WE TALKED ABOUT... ...HERE GOES!

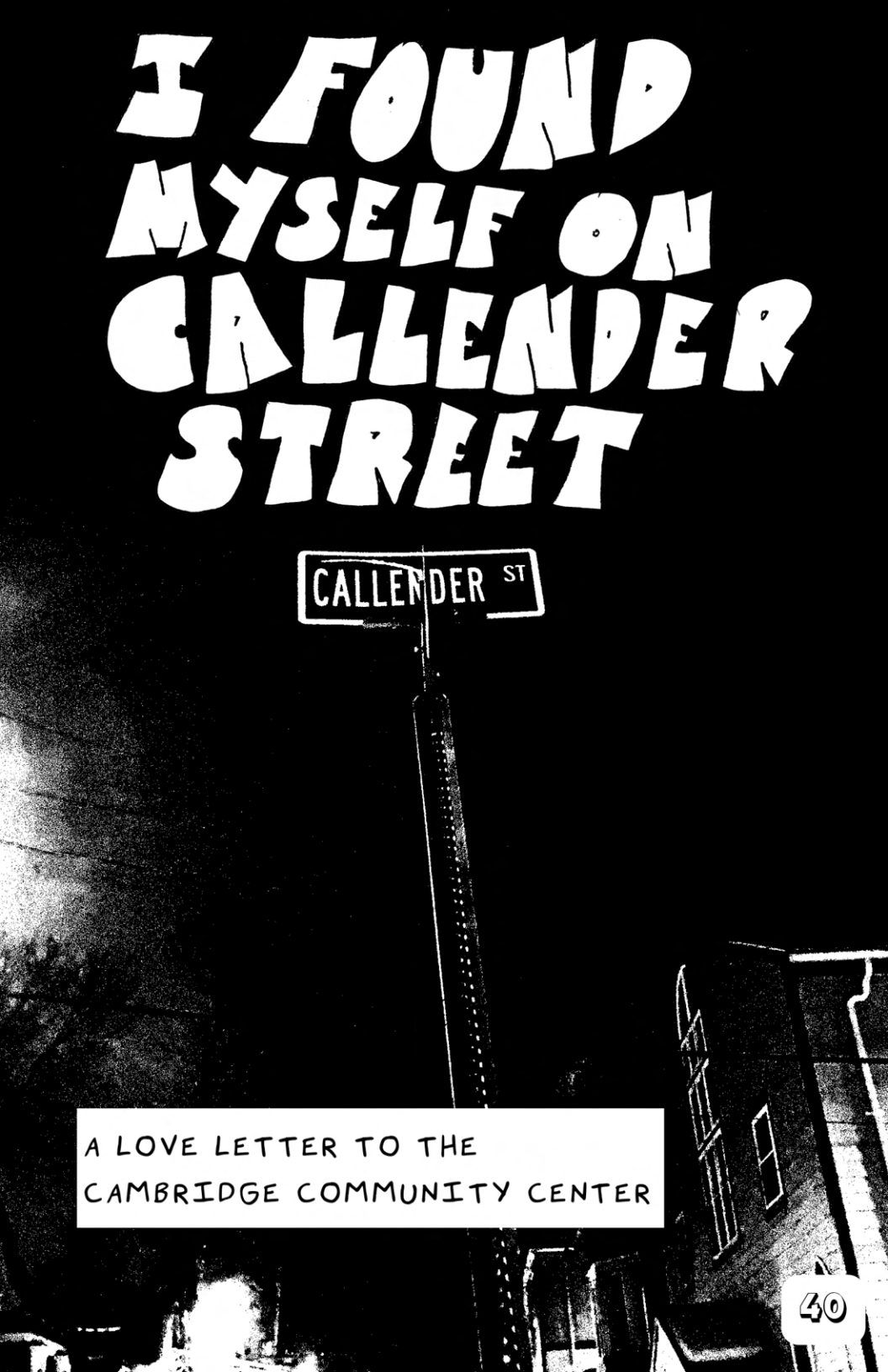
MARCH 7
BILLY
Death Defier
GL
TOURIST TRAP
7:30 DOORS
8:00 MUSIC
DM FOR ADDY

NURSE JOY
(Album Release Show)
FEARDOTCOM
RONG
BABYBABY_EXPLORES
3.15.25
@ Tourist Trap
doors 7:30 / music 8
$10-15


LIVE AT TANGO'S
Friday March 14, 2025
Lowell, MA
DM for address
$5.00
Doors 7:00pm
Music 8:00pm
Target Scammers
Film & Gender
K. O. Queen

The 4th Wall
March 14th
204 Mass Ave. Arlington
Preacher and Daisy
Sweet Petunia
with visuals by
BADWARE
$10 adv/$12 door
9 doors/930 music
18+
No outside food/drink
poster by Emilia pamella

I FOUND MYSELF ON CALLENDER STREET



A LOVE LETTER TO THE CAMBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTER

"HOW DID WE GET THERE?"

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN THE HALLWAYS OF MY SCHOOL, THERE WAS A PRETTY LITTLE POSTER ON THE WALL THAT CAUGHT MY EYE. IT HAD A TRANS FLAG, A BUTTERFLY, AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF BANDS I HAD NEVER HEARD OF BEFORE. "WE'RE RAISING FUNDS FOR THE TRANS ASYLUM SEEKER SUPPORT NETWORK," IT SAID. "COME OUT AND LISTEN TO SOME PUNK MUSIC. COME TO THE CAMBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTER."

IT'S MARCH OF 2023 AND I'M FEELING MORE LOST THAN I'VE EVER BEEN IN MY LIFE. I'M 20 AND IMMATURE. I JUST WANNA MOSH. I FEEL LIKE THERE'S A TARGET ON MY BACK EVERY TIME I DO THAT. SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE, I TELL MYSELF.

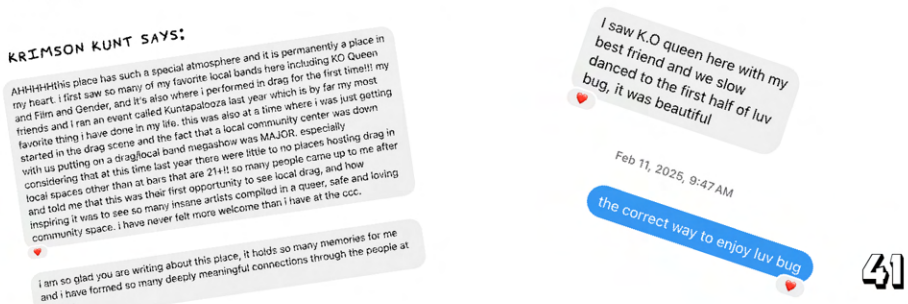
SO THERE I AM ON CALLENDER STREET. AND HERE IT IS THAT THE CHANGE STARTS. I AM BEING A LITTLE BIT DRAMATIC BECAUSE THAT'S HOW I AM SOMETIMES- TRUTHFULLY, I CAN'T REMEMBER THAT SHOW ALL TOO WELL. I REMEMBER MOSHING. I REMEMBER LOTS OF QUEER PEOPLE. THE TWO THINGS THAT MADE ME COME BACK FOR MORE. I DIDN'T REALIZE IT THEN, BUT THAT FIRST SHOW WOULD CHANGE MY LIFE FOREVER.

"SO. . . HOW DID WE GET HERE???"

SO NOW I'M 22 AND STILL IMMATURE PROBABLY AND I'VE SEEN SOME OF THE BEST SHOWS OF MY LIFE HERE AT THE CAMBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTER. IT'S PROBABLY MY FAVORITE VENUE FOR SHOWS. SOME OF THE BANDS ON THAT FIRST BILL- NURSE JOY, RUSTY MULLET, KO QUEEN, FILM AND GENDER, TO NAME A FEW- CAME TO BE SOME OF MY MOST FAVORITE BANDS TO SEE LIVE. BUT I REALLY WANTED TO TAKE A MOMENT TO WRITE ABOUT THE CCC AND HOW SPECIAL IT IS TO ME AND TO OTHER PEOPLE WHO COME AROUND TO SEE SHOWS HERE.

WHEN YOU STEP INTO THE CAMBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTER, YOU'RE WELCOMED INTO A HALLWAY WITH LOTS OF PAINTINGS ON ITS WALLS, ART REPRESENTING THE COMMUNITY AND FAMILY AND CARING FOR ONE ANOTHER. YOU SEE ALL SORTS OF POSTERS ON THE WALLS. COMMUNITY NOTICES, THINGS THAT ARE HAPPENING, PROOF THAT THIS PLACE OPERATES EXACTLY AS A COMMUNITY CENTER SHOULD- PROVIDING A SPACE FOR ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE TO GATHER AND DO DIFFERENT THINGS.

YOU HEAD DOWN TO THE BASEMENT AND YOU'RE IN A CLASSROOM. YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY CRAFT SUPPLIES AND COLORFUL POSTERS ON THE WALL, THERE'S COUCHES IN THE BACK, THERE'S LITTLE SIDE ROOMS TO SNUG INTO IF YOU'RE FEELING OVERWHELMED. YOU WONDER TO YOURSELF IF THE KIDDIES WHO GO TO SCHOOL HERE EVER GET THE SENSE THAT THERE WERE PUNK BANDS IN THEIR CLASSROOM THE WEEKEND BEFORE. THE LIGHTS GO OUT, THE DRUMS AND GUITARS START, AND EVERYONE COULDN'T BE MORE GRATEFUL TO BE RIGHT HERE AND NOW AT THE CCC.


KRIMSON KUNT SAYS:
AHHHHHthis place has such a special atmosphere and it is permanently a place in my heart. I first saw so many of my favorite local bands here including KO Queen and Film and Gender, and it's also where i performed in drag for the first time!!! my friends and i ran an event called Kuntapalooza last year which is by far my most favorite thing i have done in my life. this was also at a time where i was just getting started in the drag scene and the fact that a local community center was down with us putting on a drag/local band megashow was MAJOR. especially considering that at this time last year there were little to no places hosting drag in local spaces other than at bars that are 21+!! so many people came up to me after and told me that this was their first opportunity to see local drag, and how inspiring it was to see so many insane artists compiled in a queer, safe and loving community space. i have never felt more welcome than i have at the ccc.
i am so glad you are writing about this place, it holds so many memories for me and i have formed so many deeply meaningful connections through the people at the ccc
I saw K.O queen here with my best friend and we slow danced to the first half of luv bug, it was beautiful
Feb 11, 2025, 9:47 AM
the correct way to enjoy luv bug

"WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS PLACE ANYWAY?"

I WOULD HOPE THAT EVERYTHING I'VE WRITTEN SO FAR WOULD MAKE THIS SELF-EXPLANATORY BUT I'M GONNA EXPLAIN IT ANYHOW, ESPECIALLY BECAUSE I KNOW SOMEONE MIGHT BE READING THIS AND GET INSPIRED TO CREATE A SPACE JUST LIKE CCC SHOWS.

I THINK COMMUNITY CENTERS IN GENERAL ARE SUPREMELY IMPORTANT FOR A MUSIC SCENE AND CAN PLAY A VITAL PART IN HELPING MUSIC COMMUNITIES THRIVE. DOWN TO THE VERY NAME- "COMMUNITY CENTER" MEANS THE WHOLE COMMUNITY IS WELCOME. AND PEOPLE WHO HAVE FELT UNWELCOME FROM OTHER SPACES MIGHT FEEL MORE WELCOME HERE. THIS MIGHT BE A SMALL DETAIL, BUT EVERY DETAIL COUNTS IN THE BIGGER PICTURE.

AND THE WHOLE COMMUNITY SHOWS THE HELL UP▽ ALL SORTS OF EVENTS CAN HAPPEN AT A COMMUNITY CENTER- MUSIC SHOWS, DRAG SHOWS, COMEDY SHOWS, FLEA MARKETS, LITERALLY SO MUCH HAPPENS AT THE CCC. MULTI-USE SPACES LIKE THIS ARE VALUABLE AS HELL FOR EVERYONE. AND THAT IN ITSELF MAKES THE PLACE ONE OF THE MOST WELCOMING ENVIRONMENTS I'VE COME ACROSS IN THE SCENE.

ANOTHER HUGE BENEFIT TO THE COMMUNITY CENTER SHOW IS THE ACCESSIBILITY OF IT ALL, IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD. THE CCC HAS GOT RAMPS AND ALTERNATIVE ENTRANCES TO THE BASEMENT, WHICH IS GOOD BECAUSE OUR DISABLED HOMIES HAVE GOTTA ROCK OUT TOO, YA DIG? A LOT OF THE HOUSE VENUES AREN'T EXACTLTY ADA COMPLIANT.

ACCESSIBILITY ALSO COMES IN THE FORM OF AGE RESTRICTION- CAMBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTER SHOWS ARE FOR ALL AGES. AND I MEAN IT- YOU'LL SEE OLDER PEOPLE, YOUNGER PEOPLE, AND KIDS ALL AT THE SAME SHOW. BAR VENUES ARE VITAL FOR THE BOSTON SCENE, THIS IS TRUE, BUT THE SCENE ALSO THRIVES IN SPACES THAT ARE NOT ALCOHOL-CENTERED AND ALLOW FOR A SAFE SPACE FOR THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE SCENE TO PARTICIPATE AND ROCK OUT. DON'T FORGET THAT WE'VE ALSO GOT A DECENT AMOUNT OF SOBER FOLKS WHO STILL WANT TO ENJOY PUNK MUSIC▽ EVEN IF YOU'RE LIKE ME, OF DRINKING AGE AND ENJOYING IT, IT'S NICE TO HAVE A CONTRAST. A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.

"SO NOW WHAT?"

I HOPE YOU READ SOME OF THIS AND THOUGHT TO YOURSELF, "MAN THAT'S PRETTY COOL." OR SOMETHING. I DUNNO, I'M PRETTY TIRED AND THIS PIECE OF WRITING IS FOR SURE PRETTY DISORGANIZED BUT I DID MY BEST TO LET YOU ALL KNOW JUST HOW SPECIAL THIS PLACE IS TO ME. MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU THERE NEXT TIME? MAYBE WE CAN CREATE MORE SPACES LIKE THIS? JUST AN IDEA. PEACE LOVE▽

FOLKS DANCING TO NURSE JOY AT CAMBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTER.

well friends, that's all I got for this issue. this month was a lot for me but I'm glad to be here anyway. thank you for joining me♡ see you next month♡

THE WANDERER

BY LECHUGA JAM♡

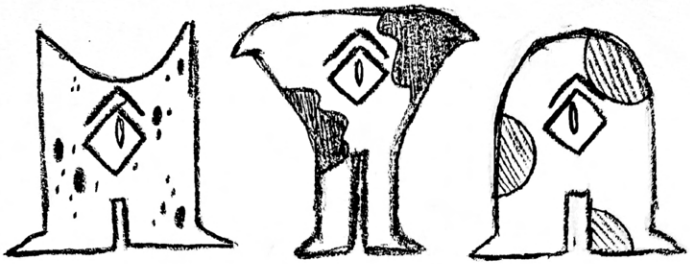
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

MO CORREA

special thanks to libby, isabelle, and alex for sitting with me and helping me finish this on time. you guys rock.

wanna submit something? check the link in my instagram bio♡ @lechugajam

free on the web, pay-what-you-wish paper copies.
if you wanna help cover printing costs so the zine can remain accessible to as many as possible, consider sending a dollar to @lechugajam on venmo and cashapp.



LEAD, FOLLOW, WANDER

FOLLOW, WANDER, LEAD

WE ARE THE THREE WHO FIT THE CYCLE

THREE LIKE A TRIANGLE, THREE IS MAGIC

LEAD THE WAY YOU WANDERED DOWN

FOLLOW, LEARN TO LEAD THE WAY

WANDER, ONCE YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH

THE CYCLE IS THREE, LIKE WE

WE WHO ARE MAGIC AS ALL THREE

THE THREE WHO LEAD, FOLLOW, WANDER.